

THE ORIGINAL RUSTYCON CONVENTION

Number 6

January 1989

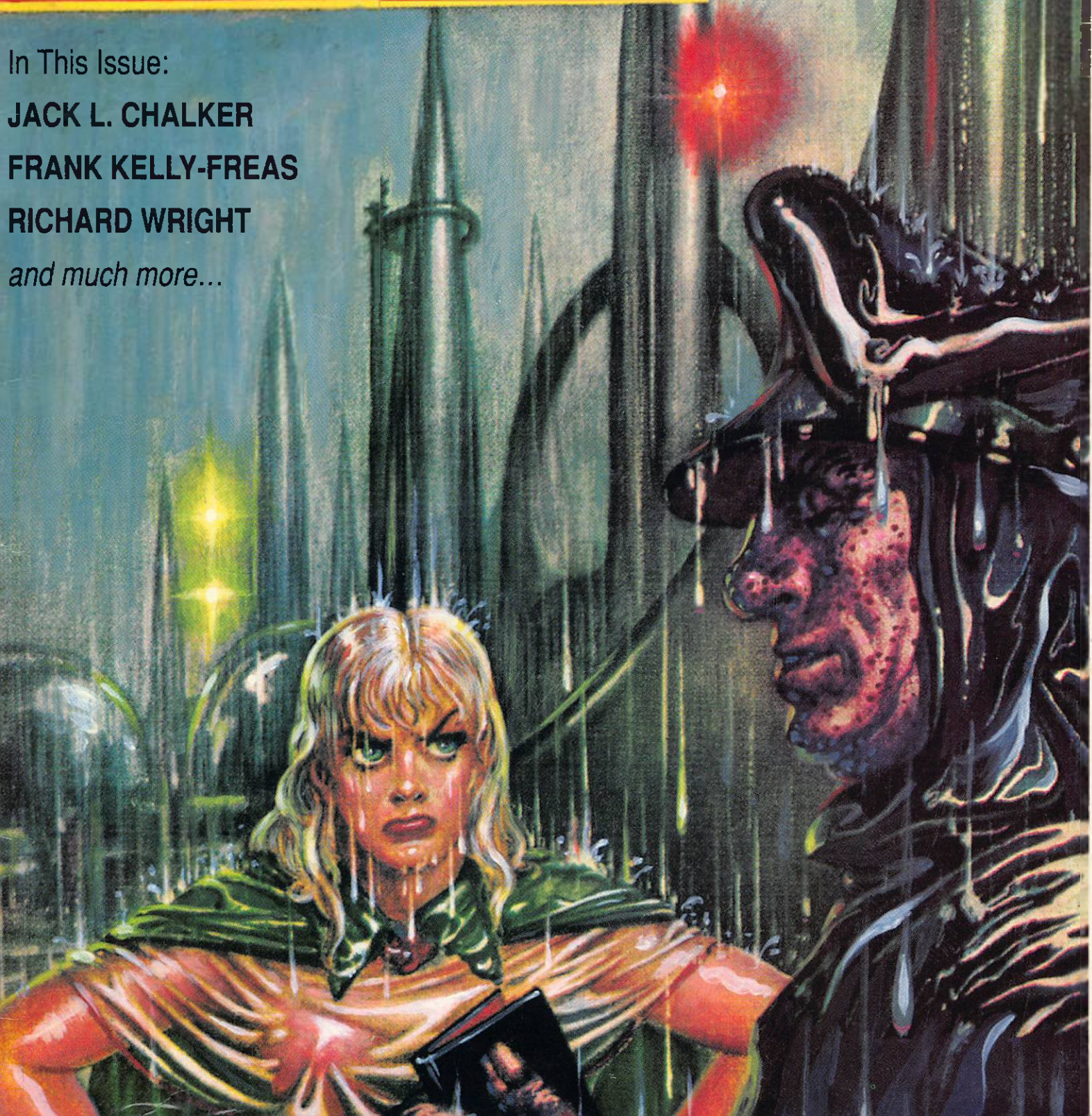
In This Issue:

JACK L. CHALKER

FRANK KELLY-FREAS

RICHARD WRIGHT

and much more...



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What is a Science Fiction Convention?

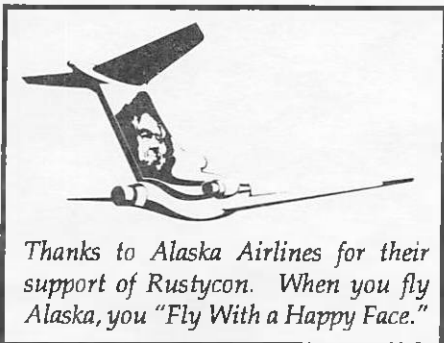
Before I tell you what a Science Fiction Convention (SFCon) is, I should probably tell you what it is not.

A SFCon is not a place where you go to stare at weird people wearing equally weird costumes.

A Con is an event which allows people who share a common interest. i.e.: Fandom, to get together and compare notes, make friends (or meet with old ones), etc. Other reasons for attending a Con might include the following:

- (1) Get autographs—Many of the authors will attend a special autograph session for all Con members.
- (2) Dances—Most Cons have at least one dance.
- (3) Masquerade—Be anyone (or anything) and maybe even win a prize.
- (4) Panels—Hear people discuss a variety of subjects relating to science, science fiction, and fantasy.
- (5) Art Show—See and purchase works by local and nationally known artists.
- (6) Fan Clubs—Meeting with people who share your interests.
- (7) Hospitality—A place to meet and socialize.
- (8) Gaming—Workshops, panels, and tournaments.
- (9) Movies and video—Popular films and episodes from television series.

If you need any more information, feel free to ask questions.



Thanks to Alaska Airlines for their support of Rustycon. When you fly Alaska, you "Fly With a Happy Face."

Other local Science Fiction Conventions and Organizations

Norwescon—a large (2500-3000 member) convention. (March) Tacoma Sheraton

NW Science Fiction Society (NSFS, "NizzFizz")—group with monthly meetings and a newsletter to discuss and enjoy science fiction.

Anglicon—small (350 members) convention (first weekend in May). Oriented to British media (emphasis on TV and Science Fiction). Dr Who, Blake's Seven, Robin of Sherwood, The Professionals.

Dreamcon—Medium (800 member) SF Convention (October) held in Everett (Everett Pacific Hotel). Original emphasis was gaming, but now branching out.

Moscon—Small (375 members) SF Convention. Moscow, Idaho. (September) Cavanaugh's Motor Inn. Always sold out. Skipping 1989 to put efforts towards BanfCon in Canada.

Orycon—Portland, Oregon. (November) Medium (1000) convention. General Science Fiction.

Vikingcon—Western Washington University. Small, date varies. Strong emphasis on science, NASA, US space program.

V-con—Vancouver B.C. a medium-sized convention with a different theme for programming each year. In May, with Humor as the theme for 1989.

USS Saratoga—Star Trek Club, associated with the South end of Seattle.

USS Merrimac—Star Trek Club, Seattle.

USS Pendragon—Star Trek Club, associated with the East side of Seattle.

RUSTYCON 6

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From the Publisher's Rusty Chair

As I sit down to write the Publishers statement for this, our sixth Annual effort, I would like to start with a trend that's been heavily discussed by convention organizers and publishers alike. And that is that publications like this one are now more than anything else souvenir books, serving their purpose more after the event than during or before. It seems more and more convention passengers read their program books after the con, when they can relax and more fully enjoy the information stored within.

I must say I do agree with the above, I don't read my program book during the con (I'm generally way too busy), so I can only assume that these words are being read after the fact, after (and sometimes well after) Rustycon Six has arrived and departed. With this in mind, I have to ask, "How was the voyage? Did it contain all the things you hoped for? Did you meet everyone you wanted to meet, both old friends and new?" And above all, "DID YOU HAVE FUN?"

If indeed this is a souvenir book, meant to tweak the memory then to entice the mind, then allow me to tweak some more memories for you. Did you check out Truly Mondo Video™, or did you prefer our in-room video channels? I also hope you checked out much of our programming or gaming tracks before heading to our luscious Hospitality Suite. Are your muscles still sore from the two dances? Does your pocketbook still twinge at the mere mention of our Dealer's room or renowned Art Show? Or did you win enough of our (unfortunately non-negotiable) Casino Bkks to tide you over?

Why ask such questions here? Well, for one reason, they're here to remind you of some of the things Rustycon had to offer you this year. (Change that "had" to "has" for those who are reading these words during the convention.) But also because, as I sit a month or so before the con writing these words, these are questions I and the other members of the committee who have worked hard to assemble this year's model (and with it this issue) would love to know the answers to. But of course, we won't know the answer until the voyage itself, when we will experience it along with you.

But enough of us. It's time to get into the rest of these pages, wherein you'll find articles designed to enlighten and entertain, to preview and to review, and to serve as a reminder of the voyage you and others took to a land of warm imagination during the coldest depths of darkest winter.

Welcome to spaceship Rustycon. Thanks for being one of its passengers. And now, let's go back to the Future. Or, forward onto the past.

Return with us now...

Where Do You Get Those Crazy Ideas?

by Jack L. Chalker

You decided to get away from it all, to go someplace where you know no one and no one knows you and just see what can be seen. It's been a tough year and, so far, a nonproductive summer, and even though your novel's out now and you're a Pro, you really haven't given much thought to the persistent requests for something new from your publisher. Perhaps this trip will clear the mind and give you some ideas. You pick Washington State because it's a state you haven't spent much time in, but were impressed with when you passed through on the way to Alaska a couple of years back, and you know the state has plenty of your passion—ferryboats. You wonder how long it would take and what sort of effort would be required to ride every ferry line in Washington. Lots of driving, sure, but you think best when driving long and hard anyway.

Just before you left, you re-watched *Forbidden Planet* on television, and you can't get it out of your head. The cast is better, the ending weaker, than you'd remembered, but it is still a stunning film full of interesting ideas and vistas. Flying up to Seattle, you get to thinking about it again, particularly the basic premise—the Krell, gods through technological advancement, taking that last, final step toward an existence without instrumentalities. Godhood. But in *Forbidden Planet* the Krell experiment failed; they had forgotten their evolutionary ladder, the primitive psyche below their sentient minds, and it has destroyed them. An interesting idea. What if the Krell has been beyond all that? What if the experiment had worked?

The Olympian splendor of Mount Rainier is in front of you as you drive south from the airport in your rented car. The gods of Olympus could not have had such a home—and what about them? Weren't they always meddling in the affairs of Greece out of sheer boredom, out of a need to find something to do?

Crisscrossing the western part of the state, riding the ferries through spectacular scenery, and staying for a time in the state's excellent national parks, you can't escape the sheer beauty and majesty of the places—and the lonely inspiration they engender. Out on the Olympic Peninsula, in Olympic National Park, they even have a mighty Mount Olympus of their own, isolated from man and civilization.

And, you think, after a short while of playing at gods and having all the fun they might have imagined when they, as mor-

tals, had dreamed of godhood, malaise would set in. It would be slow, insidious, inexplicable. Here was a race that developed to the highest possible point by seeking godhood; now they had attained all their goals. Boredom, stagnancy, a drift would certainly occur. Their very minds would be repelled by the sheer lack of anything more to discover, any higher plane to seek. And yet, they had it all. Had it all, and were unhappy, even miserable. And since they are now as complete and as perfect as they were capable of being, they have the uneasy feeling that something must have gone wrong someplace.

Some Buddhists equate the highest level of consciousness as true and irrevocable death—when you've been incarnated *ad infinitum* and you've reached the highest spiritual plane and are omnipresent and omnipotent, that's really it. There's no more purpose to hanging around since you can't go up and might only go down. Wasn't that sort of the theme of *A Jungle of Stars*? Well, not quite. That was "if you don't go up you can only go down," but it's close enough.

This race wouldn't see it that way. They would be firmly anchored in the technological, in the history and culture that had raised them to such a height. Some, of course, would indeed see that there was no reason to continue and destroy themselves, but these would be considered mad rather than pragmatic by the majority of the others. To cure the madness, to stop potential racial extinction, they would be desperate to find the flaw in their own ladder that had brought them to this point. You're sure of that. And after poking and probing and rejecting as sheer madness the truth, they would eventually decide that, somehow, they hadn't quite achieved what might be achieved. Something had gone wrong. Perhaps the only way to rectify this would be to start again.

But what would be the variables? Culture, physiology, geography—everything. They wouldn't just go back and become again what they were, right? That way hadn't worked.

By this time you have ridden all the ferries and seen all the parks in the western part of the state, but you have noticed a single ferry line crossing Lake Roosevelt in the east part, a line most Washingtonians don't know about, and you head there over back roads and farm roads and you find it, then see Grand Coulee, and continue on back toward the west once again. Just before dark, and by sheer chance, you come upon the lumber town of Chelan, which has a few restaurants and a couple of motels and appears to be at the bottom end of a

huge lake. You learn that the lake is fifty-five miles long and naturally carved by glaciers, not by dams as you had originally assumed. You can't drive up that lake, which points like an arrow into the heart of the North Cascades National Park, but there's a boat, once a day. *The Lady of the Lake*. It's irresistible, even though you know you'll only have an hour at the other end either to find accommodation or return.

Less than ten miles up-lake the roads stop, and soon after you lose any visible signs of human habitation. True, the boat occasionally comes close to shore, against the sheer cliffs, and some little old lady toddles over to the cliffside, looks far down at the boat, and yells, "Hiya, Charlie! Got any mail for me today?" but that's about it. It takes hours to get to the other end, and all you know about the other end is that there's a National Park lodge and visitor center there.

There is more than that. There is, in fact, a town, or what remains of a town. It's called Stehekin, which in the local Indian tongue means "the way through." It was originally an Indian camp, then a logging town, and now it's Park Headquarters but has some private getaway homes. The lodge is small but it can accommodate you; you watch the boat ease away from the landing, turn, and head back down-lake, and you suddenly feel more isolated than you ever did in Alaska or anywhere else. Radio and TV signals can not penetrate; there is no microwave link and so there are no telephones, either. The world could end, and Stehekin would be the last to know.

So you sit there, pad on your knee, looking out at the head of the lake and the majestic Cascades and Stehekin Pass, which is at over 14,000 feet up—some pass! There are very few people, and, as it darkens, the silence is deafening. Even the few insects seem to be wearing silencers.

To devolve, by choice. To voluntarily surrender a godhood that has become meaningless. To create an infinite variety of races and ecosystems and cultures out of your own selves and then wind them up and let them run. But these were a logical, scientific people, after all, not supernatural beings—although they might appear so to us. They wouldn't just do it—they'd test things first, particularly before surrendering their own lives and powers. They would make models and they would test them out.

A world. A world artificially created by the gods as a testing ground for later planetary colonization by their re-mortalized selves and their children. *The Well World*. The name comes to you, unbidden, on the soft chilly breezes off the lake, because it is

right.

The next morning you are eating breakfast when the bull cook asks what you're doing and what you're writing, possibly suspecting that you're some sort of GSA evaluator come to check out the concessionaire undercover, or perhaps a travel reporter. You explain to him that you are writing a novel, and are grateful when he asks what you've written rather than ask if you've sold anything.

"Uh huh. And you're writing science fiction *here*?" he asks, incredulously.

You nod. "Why not?"

"Are you going to put Stehekin in the book?"

It suddenly strikes you that you really have no idea what this experimental world would be like. "Could be," you respond, and finish up and walk out into the crisp morning air, and on the pad you write, "Aboard the Freighter, *Stehekin*."

Yes, here, at the end of this lake, with the high mountains in back—it would be a nice module. Two deer pass close by you as you ponder what sort of creatures would live in a place like this, and at what level. Certainly highly skilled, or they couldn't have gotten here. Certainly not high tech, considering what had to be done to feed electricity to the lodge and how isolated it was.

You walk up to Rainbow Falls, an impressive waterfall that's all the day-trippers ever get to see (other than five-dollar hamburgers from the only place in town or ten-dollar beef stew), and you watch the source of that lake fall down and the sunlight catch the droplets to form tiny rainbows as the water cascades into a pool as clear as water ever gets before it overfills the basin it's dug for itself and flows down to the lake. And suddenly the scene from *Fantasia* arises in your mind, and you see the centaresses at their bath in the pool and under the falls.

Centaur. That's who should live here. Folksy, backwoods centaurs.

Well, okay, but that didn't solve the problem of what the world would be like, only one tiny corner of it. So you catch a Park Service shuttle to the trail head, and, after some misgivings considering that even the Air Force couldn't get you into condition, you walk in a ways and up and around a bit—and you are in snow.

It's deep snow, but heavy now in summer, and the trail has been cleared and then tramped down by persistent marchers. You know this trail leads all the way—through the pass and then down several miles to the road you'd come in on. You know you could never climb mountains—that was why you had never gone to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Getting there was fine,

but getting out would be impossible (you're a Big Person and the maximum weight for canyon mules is less than even the insurance companies say you should weigh). But this was a trail that climbed only a hundred feet or so, then went down, through a vast and complex switchback system, through the wilderness and back to civilization below. You turn back, find a ranger, arrange to have your things transported back to Chelan on the boat, and decide to go for it.

The snow field is impressive in and of itself; the trees are somewhat stunted, the vegetation sparse but persistent, and here and there you spook an animal or two, mostly white like the snow for protection. And now you're over the pass and going back down. One switch-back, two—and the snow is magically gone. One final turn and you have gone from subarctic to dense northern forests. Farther down, *way* farther down, you can see a rainstorm—but here the sun is shining on you.

The trees are different here, the vegetation is different, *everything* is different. You have changed slopes and are going down in altitude. The vegetation, even the greens are radically different here, and the animals seem brown and not really related to the ones just a few hundred feet farther up.

You look up at the sun, then down at the rainstorm, and it hits you. *This is what the Well World would be like!* Abrupt translations, each module self-maintained, with only water and air passing through.

By the time you are halfway down you have experienced at least two more radical changes in lifeforms and where you've come from is deeply shrouded in clouds, and the Well World's basic nature and how to describe it in terms of the Stehekin Pass Trail is very clear in your mind.

You bet Stehekin is going to be in this book!

You reach bottom and the road and get picked up by the bus. Then you switch buses again and again, until, after midnight, you finally make Chelan once more and are able to awaken the motel keeper and collapse into a bed for an incredibly deep sleep. Most people dream when they sleep, but you never remember your dreams from sleep. Writers, however, dream equally well when they are awake. There is a part of you that is almost always dreaming. That is a part of the creative personality.

You are sitting on the plane home, pad out on the tray table in front of you, and you are making up names and descriptions of key races. The names are easy—any exotic and meaningless combination of sounds

will do. You start with some anagrams—Dilia for the centaurs, for example, a scramble of Iliad. What better name for centaurland? Most, however, are meaningless but sound pretty good. There's a publisher's rule that you can't use any alien terms that would be unpronounceable to humans. So be it.

The technology would have to be deliberately limited to avoid spoiling the models. Non-technological, semi-tech, and unlimited high tech seemed the most logical choices, so these are assigned. And you think back once more to Washington, and to the billboard put up a few years before by the Boeing unions when the company lost the SST contract and there were massive layoffs.

WILL THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE SEATTLE PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS?

Okay, so our godlike beings have made this world where they experiment and create and fine-tune their creations before doing it larger and for real in the universe, but eventually they would all have to become part of the experiment. That solved one big problem—the last hundred, or thousand, worldlets they invented in model would remain most likely as they had been created, giving the Well World its population and enough temporal distance between populations so even the inhabitants really wouldn't know how their world came to be or why. They wouldn't even have access to the machinery, the computers, the whole technology of the Well World—it would be too dangerous.

Somebody had to be left of the old gang. Somebody had to go down to that machinery and lock it from the inside, making sure nobody could get in and fiddle with it in the future. And this guardian would have to stay around to make sure the experiment went to its conclusion.

Who turned out the Well World's lights? And what was he doing now, the last of his race?

The legend of the Wandering Jew comes to mind and seems to logically fit with the Greco-Roman mythology and the rest. The mechanic who has to hang around to see that nothing breaks and everything's going well and, if drastically necessary, to push the "reset" button.

But why would he choose to masquerade as and live as a human instead of one of the thousands of other races? Of course, no matter which race this creature chose would provoke the same question, so the obvious response was, "Why not?" For reasons you

can not say, this mysterious figure begins to take shape in your mind and says, "Hello, I'm Nathan Brazil." The reason for the name itself is pedestrian. Nathan because you'd always like their hot dogs and it was vaguely Jewish sounding but melodic; Brazil because there was a story in the paper about a football player named Brazil, and it seemed to go nicely with Nathan. *Guys and Dolls*, the obvious source, never entered into it, although so many later assumed that it had that you finally went out of your way to see the play and later titled a different book *And the Devil Will Drag You Under*.

The description of Brazil comes easily. Three days after you return home, you go to a meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, and among its members is a fellow you've known for a while named Dave Kogelman who looks just the way Nathan Brazil should look. And the "Frame" is equally easy—we must have some innocents drop in so we can tour the place, and Brazil must be among them. He locked the Well World door, but nobody was left on each of the old worlds to lock the matter transmission gateways by which the super race migrated in stages back to this place.

The frame is the *Wizard of Oz*. It requires a high-tech but black-and-white future; a futuristic, technological Kansas. Listening at that same meeting to a small group of leftist radicals describe with enthusiasm their ideas of a future world, you realize that their utopia, fully realized, was exactly the kind of bleak cookie-cutter future you required. But what of the world itself?

Having already begun writing, you go up to New York for a party and discuss the problem casually with Ben Yalow, a New York SF fan. You want a regular shape, which would allow many travel options from any point, but each worldlet had to be small enough to journey through several in order to deliver on the premise. Ben suggests hexagons such as those used in Avalon Hill board games. We use the rounded-off circumference of the Earth, then lay the map for *The Battle of the Bulge* on top of it. Excellent. How many are there if we make the hexes roughly two hundred and forty or so miles across, point to point? Fifteen hundred and sixty. Okay, that was plenty of variety. But there is a problem—you can't cover a sphere with hexagons.

No sweat. You have to have someplace to get these large masses of resigning gods in, and a mechanism for distributing them in new forms. Why not the polar caps? And the Well would have to be accessible equally well from the bulk of the hexes. Why not the equator? That might also provide a real physical physical division of the hemi-

spheres allowing for non carbon-based life, which would logically be required but which would poison the carbon-based life hexes and in turn be poisoned by "our" air and water. The equatorial barrier was logically consistent; the use of not one entrance and exit but two was also obviously convenient. Two polar caps. Two Zones.

You live near Avalon Hill and, in fact, knew the founder. It is easy to get blank hex maps and pads and draw in the parts of the world you need.

Now all that was required was the outside observer. We would be going to a lot of places, and for dramatic tension, the McGuffin had to be some sort of race to the Well. Without an outside observer to tie things together it would be very easy, perhaps inevitable, that the reader would get confused. And, of course, Brazil would have to be briefed from the start on the nature of what was on the other side or there would be no motivation for him to join the race. We had to have someone culturally accessible to the readers yet exotic in form to set up the rules. A vision of South Zone comes unbidden and complete into the mind, and a creature riding the outer belts to meet you. It is fully formed and comes from some dark recess of your mind with name and personality already attached.

"I am Serge Ortega; welcome to the Well World," he says, and Kansas fades and Oz goes to Technicolor. And it begins...

From the name "Well World," your vision of the place flows naturally: you drop through its gates and find there, like precious waters, the core of the life and power and order of the universe. Now there remain only the details and mechanics of the story—and a title. "Well of Souls" comes easily to mind—it is both literal and exotic-sounding. But has it been used before? You check and find that it does not show up in any of your references. Fine. Now you have a poetic name and a poetic title to crown the book. (True, a certain film producer with whom you shared a publisher would later steal the name and devise intricate rationalizations involving "ancient theology" to prevent your suing him. The same production company had offered you a job writing books based on their successful blockbuster SF film which you turned down, but what the hell. More people probably bought *Midnight* thinking it had something to do with the movie than it ever mattered to filmmakers.)

And now the book flows. The whole work is done; only the typing remains, and you type really fast. You are proofreading the manuscript at the 1976 World SF Con-

vention when your editor, Judy-Lynn del Rey, comes up to you and asks when you are going to write another book for her. The temptation is inevitable. The manuscript isn't proofed, but you hand it to her then and there. She buys it four days later.

After a few squabbles which you lose—a few coarse words removed, the sex toned down to PG, and one small episode removed because it really does get in the way of the climax—it's done. But the end, the very end, still bothers you. Reading galleys, you come back to that last page again and again, and suddenly strike through the last few sentences and write a paraphrase of a Mark Twain line, adding, "Still waiting. Still caring. Still alone." A decade later readers will still tell you about the force the ending had on them. How did it come together at the last moment?

Somehow, it always does.

From Dance Band on the Titanic by Jack L. Chalker. Reprinted by permission.



Larry Given
Barbara Hambly



A SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY CONVENTION

OCTOBER 27, 28, 29 - 1989

HELD AT
THE EVERETT PACIFIC HOTEL
EVERETT, WA

FOR INFORMATION WRITE:
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Frank Kelly-Freas

by William R. Warren, Jr.

Somewhere this weekend in the beloved halls of the Hyatt Hotel, you may encounter an elegant southern gentleman with a twinkle in his eye, traces of paint under his fingernails, and an entourage consisting of dozens of hopeful young artists and a sweet young thing on each arm. If the crowd of hopeful young artists are carefully phrasing a barrage of questions so as to pry the maximum number of professional secrets (materials, techniques, getting the "big break", what have you) from this silver coiffed elf, and if he is foiling their clever espionage by launching into a lengthy and learned treatise on their own question, and about half a dozen others that they didn't think to ask, the probability is high that this person is Kelly Freas.

If so, the sweet young thing on one arm is Laura, his wife—a personality you may have spent many delightful wee hours with already on National Public Radio on Sunday evenings from midnight on. The sweet young thing on his other arm is his wife Polly, for decades an institution in science fiction circles.

Polly can only be with us in spirit this weekend, but she is with us nonetheless. And the three of them get along famously!

"Famous" is not a term I use lightly here. Kelly, for those of you who have been hibernating somewhere outside the orbit of Neptune for the last fifty years or so, may only have seen him in passing, on his way to a location for one of his thousands of exquisite paintings or illustrations which have graced virtually every prestigious science fiction book or magazine that ever was. Kelly has won more Hugo awards than any other artist, as well as a number of other much-coveted prizes of which many of us will only ever dream of achieving.

Try to pry something out of him, I dare you. This gregarious youngster cannot keep secrets, he'll tell you anything you want to know. He'll also give you ideas on new directions to seek your answers, so you go out and do the work yourself. He has more years of experience than many of us have years, and God bless him, given enough hours in the weekend, he'll do his best to give us the benefit of all of them.

Rustycon has simply chosen to honor the best there is this year. Period.

Kelly, on the other hand, is here with a mission, and aspiring young artists (remember the entourage I mentioned?) should sit up and pay attention to this. Kelly is the coordinating judge for the L. Ron Hubbard Illustrators Of The Future

Contest, sponsored by Bridge Publications. Bridge also administers the Writers Of The Future contest, which over the past four years or so has given the opportunity to dozens of previously unpublished writers to get "The Big Break" and get professionally pubbed. The Illustrators Of The Future contest is designed to give the same chance to promising (but so far unpublished) illustrators—ILLUSTRATORS, I say—and there are going to be quarterly cash prizes and a big annual prize and trophies and—

Well, those are just the side bennies. If you are a serious hopeful science fiction illustrator, the IMPORTANT thing is, your art can be published in a gee-nyu-wine Science Fiction book, read by millions on every continent of the world. Exposure! Name recognition! AND it doesn't look bad on your resume' or in your portfolio.

Am I beleaguering the point? I don't think so. The person who gave me my start in science fiction illustration is here this weekend to do the same for each and every one of you unknown hopefuls. This is an outstanding opportunity for aspiring artists.

If you're an aspiring artist and aren't interested in being professionally published, this is still an invaluable opportunity to learn from someone who has painted on everything from canvas to human skin to Flying Fortresses, with everything from lighter fluid to lacquer to Sharpies.

And if you're not an artist at all, you will find this charming fellow to be erudite, perceptive, exciting, and conversant in just about any topic you choose to discuss. If you don't want to interrupt his conversation with someone else, say hello to Laura and introduce yourself. She is funny, serious, smart, and very nice. She loves Classical and (if memory serves correctly) she is something of an authority on the Age of Chivalry—probably part of what attracted her to Kelly in the first place.

If both of them are busy, reflect with Polly for a while. She's glad to be here, she loves them both, and she is proud that Rustycon has selected Frank Kelly Freas to be this year's Artist Guest of Honor.

Richard Wright— The Rustycon Six Fan Guest of Honor, you lucky people you!

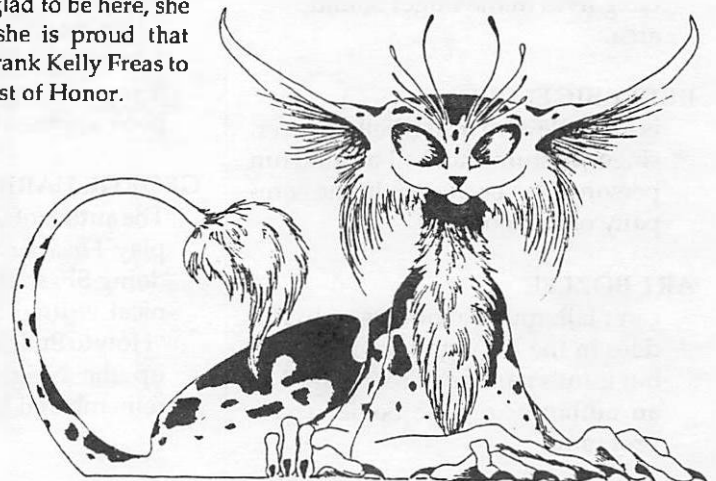
by Elizabeth Warren

I would like to introduce you to the Rustycon Six Fan Guest of Honor, Richard Wright. Although I find it hard to believe that there might be someone who hasn't yet met him. You must have seen him at least a time or two wandering the halls of any given convention, attending or participating in panels, on the dance floor or at all the best parties. He is the tall fellow who outgrew his hair rather early in life, and loves to hug everybody.

Richard has been involved in fandom for 12 years that I know of for sure. He has been Fan Guest of Honor at many conventions now. He has held down lots of ugly ConCom jobs lots of times now. I think that counting money might be one of his favorite jobs, but he has been Chairman of Norwescon a time or two. He has worked on conventions all over this country and at least one other. He is very familiar with the "working end" of conventions.

He is pretty good at the "fun" side of conventions too. He likes to dance and will make a very real effort to at least "check in" at every party he can locate. He can be found in the hot tub or jacuzzi or pool in the middle of the night with the night owls that are always at a con, but at ten a.m. he is up and attending his first panel all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

Richard is a very lovable, loyal and trustworthy man. He keeps friends for life, it's difficult to get or stay angry at him and he is there when you need him with whatever it takes to make your day.



Attending Pros

STEVE ADAMS

is a Seattle area artist.

JOHN ALVAREZ

This Portland area artist maintains the philosophy that all artists should be worshiped as gods. John's studies at the Northwest College of Art have helped him appear in *Horrorshow* magazine and *Pulphouse*, the hardback magazine.

SHARON BAKER

is a Seattle science fiction novelist. Her works include *Quarrelling*, *They Met the Dragon* and *Journey to Membliar*.

JOHN BARNES

is an SF writer living in Missoula, Montana with a wife and three cats. Novels and short stories, include "ZE6" in *Analog*, and novels *The Man Who Pulled Down the Sky* and *Sin of Origin*.

STEVE BARNES

author of SF novels and short stories including *The Kundalini Equation* and *Dream Park* (with Larry Niven). He was creative consultant for the animated film *The Secret of NIMH*.

DONNA BARR

is a local illustrator and comics artist. Ask her about the *Desert Peach*.

GREG BEAR

Critically acclaimed author of such novels as *Blood Music* and *Eon*, Greg lives in the Puget Sound area.

BETTY BIGELOW

is a Seattle area artist, belly dancer, singer, costumer and all-around fun person. Has been seen in the company of Klingons.

ART BOZLEE

can't talk much about just what he does in the Boeing space program, but is internationally recognized as an authority on the Soviet space program.

GRANT CALLIN

His experience with the U.S. space program shows in the technical accuracy of his stories, including the novel *Saturn Alia*.

JOHN CRAMER

His first foray into fiction is *Twister* (Arbor House), to be released in late 1988. Since 1984 he has written "The Alternate View" for *Analog*. He is a professor of Physics at the University of Washington, and working on building a new linear accelerator.

JOEL DAVIS

is a science writer and lives in the Puget Sound area.

TERRY J. ERDMANN

In his eleventh year of actually being employed in Hollywood (Is he surprised!) he has brought fans advance word on *Cocoon*, *Aliens*, and *The Fly*, and others. This year he presents *Willow*, and several others.

STEVE GALLACCI

is a Seattle-area SF & Fantasy artist and owner of Thoughts & Images, which publishes such comic masterpieces as *Albedo*, *Anthropomorphics*, and *Zell, Sworddancer*.

JON GUSTAFSON

How can one do justice to such an extensive career in such a small space? Active fan for 12 years; co-editor of *New Venture*; monthly book column in *Westwind*; a founder of PESFA, MosCon, and Writer's Bloc (the Moscow Maffia); Chair of MosCons 3, 4 & 7; author of *CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg*; JMG Appraisals—the first professional sf/fantasy art and book appraisal service; etc.; etc....

GEORGE HARPER

The author of *Gypsy Earth* and the SF play *Final Exam*, George has been doing SF, science writing and technical writing for many years. His "How to Build an A-Bomb and Wake up the Neighborhood" is fondly remembered by many.

NORMAN HARTMAN

is a Northwest area writer of short stories and novels. He was a part of the group of Northwest interests that tried to purchase and revive *Amazing*.

JOHN HEDTKE

Award winning technical writer specializing in documenting software applications. He works for COSPRO, a private research firm owned by his wife, Patricia, and is an amateur radio operator. They raise cats, fancy goldfish and a cockatiel.

MARILYN HOLT

is a writer of science fiction, mysteries, non-genre fiction, poetry and criticism. She is a member of Clarion West Science Fiction Writer's Workshop Committee.

JERRY KAUFMAN

Proprietor of Serconia Press, publisher of highly regarded volumes of science fiction criticism and essays by such luminaries as Brian Aldiss.

JULIA LACQUEMENT

A French-Canadian Artist who moved to the U.S. because she liked American men, she works mostly in fantasy, using her watercolor talent to achieve literary fame working with Mike Grell in comics. Among her works are *The Longbow Hunters* (a graphic novel), *Green Arrow* and *Sable*. Living in Seattle, she plans to marry Michael Kerr this summer.

MEGAN LINDHOLM

Author of such novels as the Seattle-setting fantasy *Wizard of the Pigeons*, she lives and works in the Puget Sound area.

MONIKA LIVINGSTON

One husband, two cats, and four years of science fiction art, she has been showing work at conventions from Seattle to San Diego and some points east. Her current work includes *The Dreamery*, and some issues of *Fusion*. and several other comic works.

CYN MASON

Born during the full moon (On a dark and stormy...), Cyn was kidnapped by aliens at an early age, led a slave's rebellion on Foonbar, and edited *Wet Visions*. Today, she lurks in hotel shrubbery & dimly-lit places (like hotel bars), writes stories, tells sick jokes and drinks Irish coffee.

JULIAN MAY

Author of *The Many Colored Land*, *The Golden Torc*, *The Nonborn King* and *The Adversary*, collectively called the "Pliocene Exile" series. She is also known for her fabulous costumes.

CATHERINE McGUIRE

is a local SF writer.

ANNETTE MERCIER

is a local artist who works primarily with SF and fantasy themes.

VICKI MITCHELL

In science fiction fandom for 10 years, she is a core member of PESFA, a founding member of Writer's Bloc and MosCon. In 1986 she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest, and sold a short story to a mainstream anthology. She is working on her second novel, married to Jon Gustafson, and is owned by a large, rather silly red dog.

JACQUALYNN DURAM NILSSON

Her fondest dream has always been to have people see her artwork and not say "That's neat, But what is it?" In Science Fiction, she has finally found a place for her strange animals and visions. Going by the fan name "Gryphon", she is never without a sketch pad, several pencils and pens. Forever surrounded by her four cats, five fish, and one husband, her latest work will appear on the next issue of *Pulphouse* magazine.

ROB QUIGLEY

is a noted physicist and astronomer in the Northwest. His accomplishments include writing object descriptions and selecting photos for the *Stars and Planets* board game, Scientist Guest of Honor at MosCon 8, and 1983 organizer for the Northwest Astronomy Conference. He is a professor at Western Washington University, and among other things, teaches the "Extraterrestrial Life" course there.

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

is a local SF & Fantasy author of novels and short stories, including *The Golden Naginata* and *Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman*.

ELIZABETH ANN SCARBOROUGH

Author of *The Drastic Dragon of Draco, Texas*; *The Gold Camp Vampire*; and other delightful stories.

ROBERT SHECKLEY

is best known for his SF short fiction in collections such as *Untouched by Human Hands* and *The Robot who looked like me*. His novels include *Journey Beyond Tomorrow*, *Crompton Divided* and *Dramocles*.

SARA STAMEY

is a Northwest author and former nuclear reactor control operator. Her novel, *Homeworld* has a sequel in the works!

J. T. STEWART

is an accomplished poet.

SHARON SINCLAIR SWINDLER

is a historian whose research has ranged from the sacred snake of Asclepius to NASA's space medicine program. She is a poet whose projects include historical novels, classical space operas and futuristic police procedures.

LITA R. SMITH-GHARET

Lita is a national and world recognized ivory carver and speaker. She has been featured in several magazines and more than 50 newspapers. She enjoys costuming and is the founder of the Northwest Costumers Guild. Lita also is the operator of Steel Eagle Agency for more than 10 years.

SARA STAMEY

When she isn't teaching Scuba in the Caribbean, Greece or Central America, she's at home in the Puget Sound area, writing. Her works include *Wild Card Run* (Berkeley/Ace), and the soon-to-be-published *Resistance Coil* (Ace).

BRUCE TAYLOR

Has had stories published in *New Dimensions 9* and *10*, *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and *Matrix*. His material has been translated into German, including a story in the August 1986 publication *Image*.

LYNN TAYLOR

For 8 years her humorous pen & ink drawings have delighted fans. Her artwork has appeared in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *Space and Time*, and other publications. She is the co-owner of Northwest Fine Art Press.

AMY THOMSON

has gained a wide audience for her SF reviewing in *Locus*.

WILLAIM R. WARREN, JR.

has had art published in *Star Trek Concordance*, *Minus 10* and *Counting and Analog*. Bill did the cover illustration for *Analog* that inaugurated the serialization of Fredrik Pohl's *The Coming of the Quantam Cats*.

DAMEON WILLICH

is a Seattle visionary artist, and founder of The Fantasy Alternative.

Volunteers

by Jeff Rolloson Halbhuber

As in any other year, Rustycon is in dire need of volunteers. The difference this year is that the job of being a volunteer will not be a thankless one. We believe that volunteers deserve better treatment, since after all, they paid to be at the convention, yet they are willing to work instead of just having a good time. (Note: in some extreme cases you'll find those that have a good time by working.)

This year, therefore, there are major changes in the way volunteers is being handled:

1. The terms "gopher" and "security" will no longer apply. The job of volunteering may cover both of these areas, and any are welcome to work them. Many of the positions cover both, and so neither term would be appropriate.
2. Volunteers will receive status in a manner patterned after the "Security Clearances" in the role-playing game, *Paranoia*. Levels will follow the colors of the visible light spectrum and including ultraviolet. "Clearances" will be determined as follows:

Level	Total Time Worked
Red	1 hour
Orange	2 hours
Yellow	4 hours
Green	8 hours
Blue	16 hours
Indigo	Convention Staff*
Violet	Department Heads
Ultraviolet	Executive Committee

3. Each level will have benefits to go along with it, and benefits are inclusive as your raise in level. The higher you go, the more you get! Benefits Include:

Level	Benefit
Red	Great button to show your friends
Orange	Early admission to the masquerade "Volunteer Headquarters" room where you can crash for a while (Friday only)
Yellow	"Volunteer Headquarters" room where you can crash for a while (Saturday & Sunday)
Green	A private "Meet the Pros" on Sunday Munchies (Friday all day and Saturday before 1:00 pm. Food is limited.)
Blue	Munchies (Saturday after 1:00 pm and all day Sunday. Food is limited.)

Additionally, there will be awards for the most time volunteered, and for the most outstanding service recieved from a volunteer. All volunteers will recieve buttons appropriate to their level, with each level having a different graphic.

*Note: It is possible to become Indigo level as a volunteer! All you have to do is work 32 hours or more, and you will become part of the Rustycon Staff. Be the only one in your room-block to wear the Indigo button! All staff benefits apply.

Serve the Convention! The Convention is your friend.....

Art Show

by Jackie Duram Nilsson

The Art Show this year will have the normal things like the Art Auction, But will also be having an private Artist's Reception and voting for the artists hanging in the show. Invitations for the reception will be made available to the Artists as they arrive to hang. The categories for the voting at the Artist's Reception will be : Best Panel, Best B&W, Best Color, Best Fantasy, Best Science Fiction, and Best Fan Artist. The winners will all receive ribbons so that all will be able to see the results of the vote.

There are MORE rules, but these are more informational in content as Rustycon is enforcing the Copyright Rules and Regulations of the Untied States this year. A set of the most useful information on the subject was mailed out to anyone who requested Art Show information. If there are questions concerning this information, be sure to ask. We are only trying to protect the rights of the Artists who show with us.

We're looking forward to an enjoyable Art Show as well as convention, and hope to see as much artwork in the show as we can get. So don't be shy! I'll see you in the Art Show!



Gaming

This year we have three rooms for gaming that will be open continuously from 3 pm Friday until late Sunday night. Feel free to pick up a complete up-to-date schedule in any of the gaming rooms (Conference A, Conference B, and the Directors Room) or at the Information desk. While we encourage attendees to bring their own games to play, due to the expected demand for space, scheduled games will have first priority for tables, with all other games on a first-come first-serve basis. We hope you enjoy our gaming program for this year and may your dice mites treat all your endeavors favorably. *Paranoia*; *AD&D*—a 24-hour game and *RPGA Tournament*; *Chill Game*; *Prisoner*.

Video

by Ryan K. Johnson

For the third year in a row, Rustycon is proud to present Truly Mondo Video. This is our big-screen-dolby-stereo-surround-sound system unrivalled by any other convention. See your favorite movies as they were meant to be seen including our special premiere of *Legend*. This is the 20-minutes-longer European release which has never before been seen in this country. Also, we'll be showing the latest crop of SF movies and a salute to Steven Spielberg featuring his greatest movies including: *Jaws*, *Close Encounters*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *E.T.*, and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. There's only one place you can catch Truly Mondo Video™, and that's at Rustycon in the Continental room.

In addition, we have two other tracks of video programming running continuously 24 hours a day. These can be seen in every room in the Hyatt on channels 2 and 8, or, if you enjoy crowds, in the International rooms. Check your pocket programs for exact schedules.

Due to Washington State Law, **No smoking** is allowed in any of the video rooms.

Friday Night Dance:

Yes, indeed, there will be a Friday Night Dance to Rock and Roll music of the 60's, 70's, and 80's. We'll be situated right next to the casino, so after you've lost your shirt and sold yourself to slavery, you can come on over and rock out. The D.J. has plenty of music, but he can always use more; requests, of course, are always welcome. Just so you know what's in store, these are the general guidelines for the dance:

- 1) Principal music is Rock. I may lower myself to something like Duran Duran (due to a quirk in my taste for music), but most Pop will be ignored.
- 2) "Rock" varies from Gary Wright ("Dreamweaver") to Def Leppard/Van Halen.
- 3) There will be a few experimental excursions onto a few other kinds of music, but not many.
- 4) I will be playing very little metal.

There will, of course, be exceptions to these guidelines. Requests will play a heavy role in what gets played, but they have to fall within the above guidelines.

Time to party, folks! I'll see you at the dance!

TRULY MONDO VIDEO™

Watch For It!

Dealer's Room

Don and Holly Forbis

The Rustycon Huckster's Room is back with some old favorites and has collected a number of new people. We have tried to bring a quality Dealer's Room complemented by a variety of merchandise. We have a long waiting list of dealers who can't join us but who will perhaps be along next year. Below is a list of dealers with a short description of what they sell. In most cases the description is hardly adequate, so we suggest that you come in and browse to see what you would like to take home with you.

The Dealer's Room is also where you will find many non-profit organizations trying hard to get you into their thing. Pick up something you see that looks interesting.

Dealer's Room General Info

In the Satellite Room at the Hyatt

Hours: Friday	4 - 7
Saturday	9:30 - 6
Sunday	10 - 4:30

The Dealer's Room also requests no food or drinks be brought in. Above all **NO SMOKING**.

Bray, Linda and David
Books

Costumes Period
Costumes

Concept Development
Latex masks and things

Don's Dungeon
Games

Dragonworx
Ceramic designs

Escape Books
Books

Everett Comics and Cards
Comics and collectables

Express Yourself
Buttons

Gallacci, Steve
Resident artist

The Gaddery #1
Patches and fun things

The Gaddery #2
Jewelry and nice things

Greco, Kathleen
Costumes, jewelry

Hartman, Sara
Soft sculpture dragons and things

Jaeger, B. J. and White, Robin
Costumes, headpieces

Lady Jayne's Comics and Books
Books, Comics, Games

Lewan, Ginger
Swords and Daggers

The Magical Aardvark
Hand-Painted T-shirts

Peterson, Nicole
Crematic creations

Mama's Prose and Steel
Weapons

Orion Unlimited
Costumes and Jewelry

PRT and Co.
Shields and staffs

Razzamatazz
Costumes while you wait

Schaper and Company
This and that

Terra Nova Trading Co.
Jewelry

Casino

This year in the casino we will be trying some new things. We are going to be connected to the dance this year, so we will have background music going on. Last year's money will be good on a one-for-one basis, and will be useable at any table. No other money will be useable. All other years' money and all other cons' monites are considered as valuable as confederate currency, and will not be accepted in trade.

There will be at least one roulette table, maybe two; several blackjack tables, and one or two craps tables. We need dealers. We will be open from 8 pm to 2 am, and will need dealers in 2 hour shifts (8 - 10, 10 - 12 & 12 - 2). If you are interested in being a dealer, please contact the volunteers scheduler and sign up for which shift and what you wish to deal.

Bring last year's winnings, and try for a Tera Būk (1,000,000,000,000 Būks). We're looking forward to, uh, helping you win your money!

Hours for Hospitality

Friday—??:?? to 3:00 am
Saturday—10:00 am to 3:00 am
Sunday—10:00 am to 5:45 pm

Beer will be served from 12:00 noon to 1:30 am. Hospitality is proud to be serving Henri's on tap once again.

Hospitality will be closed from approximately 1:30 am to 2:10 am for cleaning.

If anyone has medication requiring refrigeration or special dietary restrictions, please contact Penny in Hospitality to make necessary arrangements.

Volunteers are urgently needed for Hospitality. Great fringe benefits! See Penny in hospitality.

There will be a Dead Slug Party Sunday evening in what WAS hospitality from 6:15 until supplies are consumed.

Masquerade

In Phoenix ballroom. Starting at 8:00 pm.

Doors open for seating at 7:45 pm.

Contestants can pick up entry forms at registration.

All entry forms must be turned in by 4:00 pm on Saturday.

The trophies to be awarded will be on display at the registraion area.

Ask the Boogie Being

Dear Boogie Being:

My parents have told me dancing is stupid. They said it only leads to sin, and something they called "heavy petting". They won't let me play my music in the house, and I have to go over to a friend's house just to listen to Barry Manilow. I've danced a bit with friends and it seems like fun. But I also love my parents, and don't want to disobey.

How can I convince them that dancing is fun and doesn't hurt people? And what do they mean by "heavy petting"?

Signed, Floundering in Fallenarch, TX

Dear Floundering:

Parents can be a pain sometimes, I know. But in this case,, they're just outta their minds about dancin' being stoopid!! They've gotta have some serious repressed emotions to let you think that the wondrous marvel that is ****Boogie**** can be anything other than cleansing to the psyche.

Tell you what. Bring your parents into the Phoenix Ballrooms, this Saturday at oh, I'd say about 9:30 or so in the evening. Tell 'em there's gonna be a lecture on the power of positive thinking or something, just lie through your teeth.

Then just watch, as the lights go down, and the WALL OF SOUND starts to REBOUND and RESOUND, and the BOOGIE BEING once again unleashes the power and the majesty that is the SATURDAY NIGHT BOOGIE upon all who wish to release their souls. Only then, when the room is spinning in outer dementia, will the HIGH INTENSITY ENERGY of the evening seep through to their depressed mentalities. And lo, they shall RISE UP, and move amongst the revelers, and travel along with us all to that magic plain where boogie is all, and all is **boogie!!!**

Once they get to that point, the rest is eezee. But hey, If that don't work, I can give you the name of a good lawyer.

and P.S.: Just go to someone of the opposite sex and ask ****them**** what "heavy petting" is. I'm sure they'll be glad to "fill u in".

Dear Boogie Being:

Every time I play my Rolling Stones albums, all the windows in the house crack. This could be because I play them at very high volume, or it could be because I have an awful lot of windows in the house. How can I stop this from happening?

Signed, Loves Mick in Flick, MO

Dear Mick Lover in Flick:

Switch to another rock group. Everybody knows that people in glass houses shouldn't play Stones.

(If you have a problem, and would like the Boogie Being's help, FORGET IT! He's got enough problems.)

Glossary of Terms Used in Fandom

Fen = Plural of Fan

Filksong = Usually a familiar tune with new or modified lyrics to reflect a Science Fiction theme. i.e. "Bashing the Balrog" to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda". "Home, Home on Lagrange"

Fannish = Having to do with fandom.

Fannish Olympics = Many conventions hold a competition "Fannish activities" such as pizza eating, envelope stuffing, etc.

Hospitality (a.k.a. Hostility) = The suite open to convention members serving snacks and beverages—ours serves beer, wine, and pop.

SciFi = this term is NOT used among true fans, as it implies terrible 50's and 60's "B" rate movies. Correct terms are: Science Fiction, Speculative Fiction, S-F (ess-eff).

Con = A convention.

ConCom = Convention Committee. These are the people who put together the convention every year.

Operations (a.k.a. Convention Services) = The office maintained by the Con Committee for information, supplies, and support to the convention volunteers and membership.

Neofan (a.k.a. ConVirgin) = a person new to the fannish and/or convention scene.

Persona = A character assumed by a fan as part of a game or costume. Most are kept only for the duration of the game or costume, but some fans are known throughout fandom for a persona. Some persona names have originated from other sources, and is frequently also called a "Fan name" Examples are Dragon and Bandit, who are names recognized all over the west, but whose real ("mundane") names are not generally known to fans.

Mundane = Ordinary, everyday world—opposite of fannish.

Reality is a crutch for people who can't handle Science Fiction.

Thataway

This is a short list of what's outside the hotel. It's not complete, and I haven't tried out most of the eating places. All distances are close approximations, away from the Hyatt, either north or south on Pacific Highway South.

North of the Hyatt

Larry's Market—A supermarket. Lots of neat stuff, including a hot and cold deli. Cash machine. 1.0 miles north of the Hyatt.

Taco Time—0.8 miles north.

Across the street from the Hyatt

Circle K—Chain mom and pop store.

South of the Hyatt—Less than 1.2 miles

Denny's—Winchells Donuts—Piper's Rest—13 Coins—Gregory's—Pizza Hut—Shumsky's—Jack in the Box—Washington State Liquor Store—Bar House

1.2 miles south to 3.4 miles south

7-11—Teriyaki place—Three Men in a Tub—Sandstone Inn Restaurant—Star Mart and Video—Chinese Buffet—Godfather's—Safeway—Rainier Bank—Bartel's Drugs—Don's Coffee Shop

3.4 miles south to 5.0 miles south

Rainier Mart—BK's Kitchen—Taco Bell—McDonald's—Blockhouse—Meal Time Burgers—Burger King—Duncan Donuts—Pizza Hut—Puget Sound Bank—Drugstore—Skippers—Wendy's—Kentucky Fried Chicken—AM-PM Mini Mart—Shop & Shop—Domino's Pizza

Bussing It

Metro Route 174 serves the Hyatt all weekend. It runs approximately every half-hour on all three days. Saturday and Sunday, the 174 runs every half hour from 6 or 7 in the morning, and the last bus runs just before 12:30 in the morning. Bus goes north to Downtown Seattle, taking about an hour, and south to Federal Way, taking about a half an hour.

Programming...

At press time the final details of the programming were still being designed. Here are some tantalizing details to get your interest up.

Murder on the S. S. Rustycon:

The Captain is dead. Veteran Space Patrol Officer and detective extraordinaire Michael Griffin has been gathering evidence, but was cut down by an attack of Altarian fever (or was it Altarian brandy?) before he could name the culprit. Can you solve the mystery?

Ten Forward: Rustycon the Next Generation

a lounge for convention members under 21 years of age

Trivia

Masquerade & Dance—Saturday

Casino & Dance—Friday

Science Fiction Convention League Meeting

The Art of Frank Kelly-Freas

a slide show and talk by Kelly-Freas

Jack L. Chalker Reading

Jack L. Chalker Talk and Question and Answer Period

Pictionary

Our Science Fiction / Fantasy quick-draw game starring: Julia Lacquement, Kelly Freas, Donna Barr, Steve Gallacci, Monika Livingston, Dameon Willich, William R. Warren Jr.

Artists' Chat

Kelly-Freas & other Artists discuss artists of the Future and other art-related subjects in an informal setting.

Writer's Workshop

Symbolism in Art

Art Auction

Time to pick up that piece of art you like so much that you put a bid on it.

Caveat Emptor: Is it real or is it Memorex?

A discussion of the trend towards franchised worlds. (Example: Phillip Jose Farmer's *Dungeon* by Richard Lupoff.)

Occult Sciences for Writers

Writing Comics

Donna Barr, Monika Livingston, Steve Gallacci, Steve Adams discuss the fields of comics.

Enhancing Creativity Using Both Sides of the Brain

Hard SF Versus Soft SF

How to Present a Costume

Richard Wright Interview

Our Fan GOH interviewed by Jon Gustafson.

Reality Checks and Balances: or how it doesn't work in real life the way it does in games

A freewheeling discussion ranging from encumbrance in dungeons to rate of fire for machine pistols. Michael Scanlon, Wendell Joost, Dameon Willich.

20 Years Ago Today—Now What? (The Space Program)

Sexism in Writing

John Hedtke leads the discussion of an old phenomenon which seems to keep cropping up in new forms.

Smofcon Review

History of Science Fiction Art

Slide show by professional SF art appraiser and historian Jon Gustafson.

Responsible Partying & Convention Etiquette

Introduction to Fandom

What brought you to a con for the first time? Judy Suryan, Richard Wright and Jon Gustafson share some of their early experiences with SF fandom, and discuss what is available for newcomers today.

The Care and Feeding of Fantasy Art

Science vs. Magic — Do They Overlap?

Dr. John Cramer presents a lively overview of some questions that don't always have simple answers.

Reverse Panel

2010: Rustycon 27 at the Lunar Hyatt:

Bruce Ornstein (Sea-Tac Hyatt Sales Mgr.) discusses space tourism with Richard Wright, William R. Warren, Jr., and the rest of us who want to know where to send our reservation cards. How large a dance floor did you say we need in one-sixth gee?

Costume Workshop

Lita R. Smith-Gharet

What the Pros Read:

If you write the stuff for a living, what else do you read to keep in touch with the SF field . . . or to get away from it for a while?

Why Do I Have to Write Like Everyone Else?

Writing Comics

Airbrush Demo

A little breeze can spread paint around like nothing else. Monika Livingston and Donna Barr demonstrate how to make it do what you intended.

Is the NW Becoming a Fan Mecca? Should We Be Worried?

Ten Surprises for Everyone

What the 21st Century holds for us, cheerfully predicted by the unfettered imaginations of our panelists. Expect some surprises . . . during the hour, and during the century.

Trivia Contest

Detail-obsessed competitors struggle to remember more than any reasonable person could ever want to, through four hard-fought rounds. The questions get stranger every year. So do the guesses of contestants who *almost* remember the answers.

Pictionary

Fan Magnetism

Is that what's drawing so many SF aficionados to the Pacific Northwest? Should we be glad, or concerned, or both?

Anarchy Scavenger Hunt

Hard SF

Does that mean "hard to write"? Or "hard to read"? A discussion by some folks who do a lot of both.

Recent Results in Physics, Astronomy & Other Sciences

Observer-Created Reality

Is it quantum mechanics, or magic? Well, who's making up the definitions?

Hard SF: Hard to Write/Hard to Read**Why Do I Have to Write Like Everyone Else?**

An exploration of the challenges of finding an individual voice, while still getting to say what you intended.

Observer-Created Reality: Is it Quantum Mechanics or Magic?**Victorian Ghost Stories**

Part of a venerable tradition, this genre remains a showcase of both fantasy and realism.

Electronic Fandom Roundtable

Flexibility, speed and lots of other benefits have moderm-vated a vast growth in this fandom circuit. How did it happen, and where are we currently going?

The Desert Peach Look-Alike Contest

In which those individuals with a delusion of physical resemblance to the forgotten half-brother of Erwin Rommel attempt to convince the panel of distinguished (?) judges that they come closest to the ultimate ideal concept of "Peachiness." Sponsored by Thoughts and Images and produced by Dreamstage. (Prospective Contestants need to attend the Orientation meeting Sunday Morning.)

Alan Moore Video**Policy Explanation**

by Keith Johnson

This article is to try and explain some of our policies and why they came about.

As you have noticed, this year Rustycon is taking a different approach to many of our policies: a new party policy, a stronger weapons policy, and so on. Our strongest and most controversial policy this year is our new Children's Policy. We would like to explain some of the reasons behind these changes.

Back in August, a conference was held that included many local conventions, and was concerned with two primary issues. First, the lack of volunteers experienced at many conventions recently, and second, the increase of "people problems" lately experienced. These "people problems" could be described as things like hotel trashing and general disrespect for the rights of others.

The conference spent much time talking about the two problems and came up with some proposed solutions. With regards to the volunteerism problem, Rustycon has decided to incorporate a set of "perks" to entice people to volunteer. Those things are explained at other places in this progress report.

The discussion of "people problems" was varied and animated. The first task was to identify the reasons we have problems. Time and again we came to the conclusion that for a small group of congoers, conventions symbolize a time and place where mundane rules do not apply. Courtesy is thrown out the window, respect for the rights and property of others is forgotten, and a feeling of responsibility to the community as a whole disappears. (Remember, I said a small group.) Committees must respond to problems such as these, because things this small group does affects the convention as a whole. Higher insurance premiums, tougher security and weapons policies, and having no hotel interested in our business are just a few consequences of problems like hotel vandalism. We as a convention committee cannot allow this to happen if we wish the con to survive.

So, we then asked ourselves, what can we do to reduce this problem. The solution offered by some was to take steps to increase their members awareness that, even though they are at a convention for the weekend, they are still responsible for their actions, and to some degree for the actions of others as well. That being said, how do we communicate that "sense of responsibility" to the membership (and within that, the

small group of potential "people problems" we are trying to eliminate)?

Requiring picture I.D. was one of the solutions brought up. You see, anyone can write down "Dirk the Horrible" on their membership badge and go create havoc, but if we the committee don't know who "Dirk" really is (and by that I mean a mundane name and a real address), we have no way to keep track of what problems "Dirk" might cause. If he gives us a fake address, we can't send "Dirk" our progress reports, or send him awards or prizes if he wins them, and we won't know who he is and if he causes problems this year as "Dirk" and registers next year as "Fred the Friendly."

For most of our members this policy of showing picture I.D. when asked will be no problem. Most of us either use our real names, or don't mind giving people our real names. (The badge can say what you want, but the registration card we get from you will have to state your real name). But we do realize that there are some people who, for whatever reason, feel very sensitive about giving their mundane name. We will try to be accommodating in respecting your right to privacy, unless your actions force us to do otherwise. (If "Dirk" trashes the hotel this year, you can be sure that both the con and the hotel will know who "Dirk" is next year.)

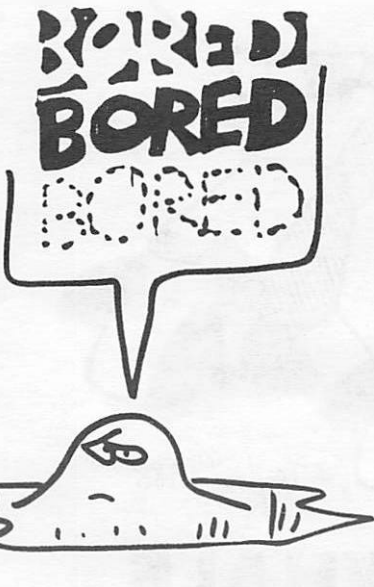
As I write this (November 1988), Norwescon and Rustycon have jointly studied this problem to come up with a set of basic guidelines and guiding principles, and this is what Rustycon has decided to do (we believe Norwescon's policies will be roughly the same).

We want to hear from those of you that are bothered by these policies. If you would like to talk with us about this, or make suggestions about how we might implement this policy, please call me, Keith Johnson at (206) 340-1218. (Please note: If you are out of the area and leave a message, I can't call you back. But, I'm home most evenings.)

Lastly, I can only hope that our new policies will make this Rustycon a safer, and thereby more fun, place for everyone this year.

General Behavior Rule

Rustycon reserves the right to revoke the membership of any person whose behavior is disruptive to the convention or which violates the rules of the convention or the laws of the city, county, state or country in which the convention is held.



Children's Policy

The previously published Children's policy has been updated. Please read the revised policies below and *tell your friends* who are planning to attend the con about them. If you have any questions or comments, please call us at (206) 340-1218.

1. All persons 6 years of age or older must have a membership.
2. Membership for persons 6 to 12 years of age is 1/2 the price in effect at the time of purchase.
3. All children 12 years of age or under must be accompanied at all times by an attending convention member who is 18 years of age or older.
4. Any person under the age of 18 must have written permission from a parent or legal guardian to attend the convention. If someone under 18 years of age is staying overnight at the hotel they must have an attending parent or designated guardian who is 18 years of age or older.
5. Parents or legal guardians of children under the age of 18 must accept responsibility for their children's actions.
6. If a child 12 years of age or under is found unattended, Rustycon may:
First occasion—charge that child for the balance of the full adult membership rate.
Second occasion—Ask the child, and the parent or guardian, to leave the convention.

Party Policy

1. All parties shall be registered with the convention.
2. The person(s) responsible for the party shall be the person to whom the room is registered, and/or a designated host(ess).
3. The host(ess) must be 21 years of age or older. We recommend that he/she be a non-drinker during the party.
4. The host(ess) shall be responsible for the conduct of those attending the party; he/she shall be certain that no one drinks and drives, and that no minors are served alcohol.
5. Where applicable, all persons at the party must have legal I.D.
6. We reserve the right to shut down any party if there is any infraction of the above rules.

Weapons Policy

1. Stated simply, "If it's drawn, You're gone."
2. This policy includes both real and replica weapons. (Replica means any device that is made to resemble or can reasonably be mistaken for an actual weapon.)
3. No projectile weapons at all.
4. No unsheathed weapons allowed in any public space.
5. We reserve the right to inspect and reject any weapon worn.

RCW 9.41.270

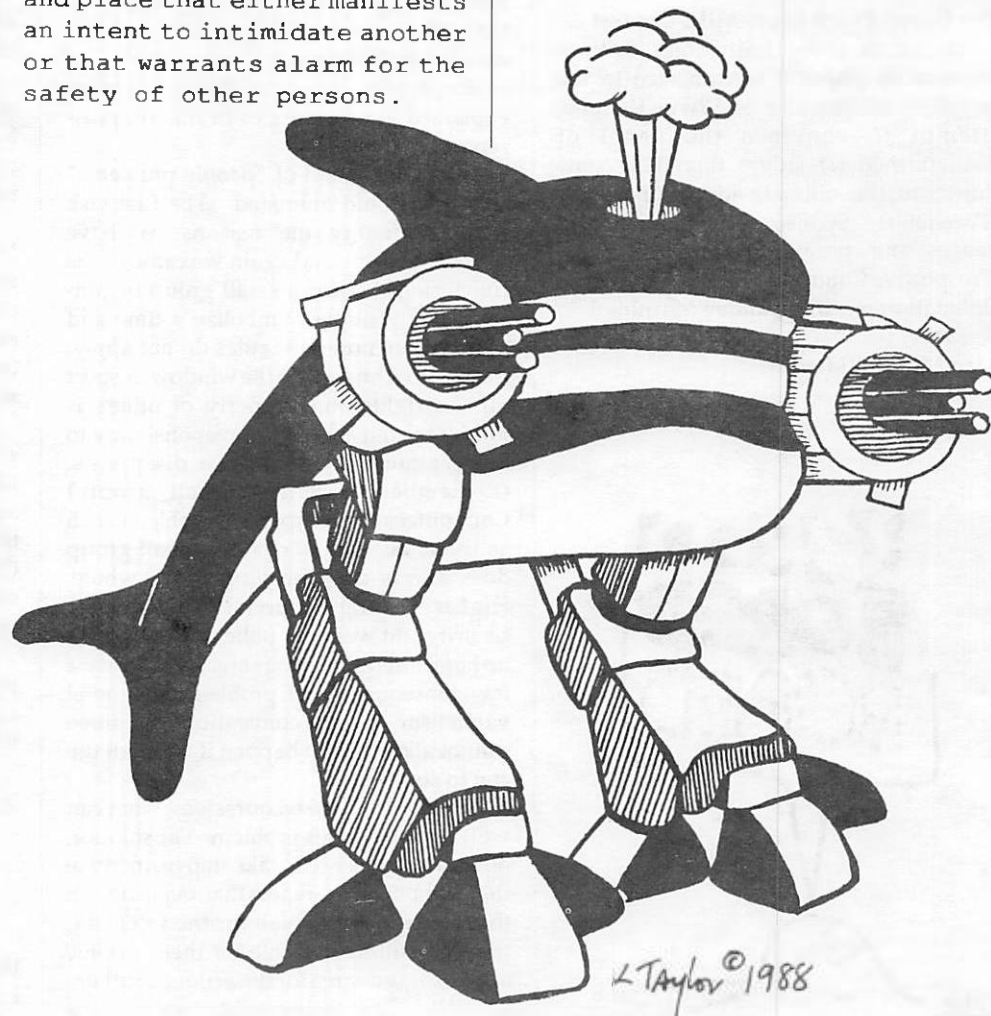
It shall be unlawful for anyone to carry, exhibit, display or draw any firearm, dagger, sword, knife, or other cutting or stabbing instrument, club, or any other weapon apparently capable of producing bodily harm, in a manner, under circumstances, and at a time and place that either manifests an intent to intimidate another or that warrants alarm for the safety of other persons.

Infractions Policy

Rustycon reserves the right to ask habitual offenders to leave the convention. If anyone engages in any sort of criminal activity their membership will be revoked.

Registration Policy

We reserve the right to require that legal I.D. be presented at the discretion or request of a convention official, to determine if a person meets the age requirements of the Children's Policy. We request that all members provide the convention with a real (mundane) name at the time of registration. Failure to do so will result in not being admitted to the convention.



KILLER WHALE

RUSTYCON 7

Guests of Honor:

January 19, 20 & 21, 1990

Writer: Ben Bova

P.O. Box 84291

at the

Artist: Mike Grell

Seattle, Washington

Sea-Tac Hyatt Hotel

98124-5591

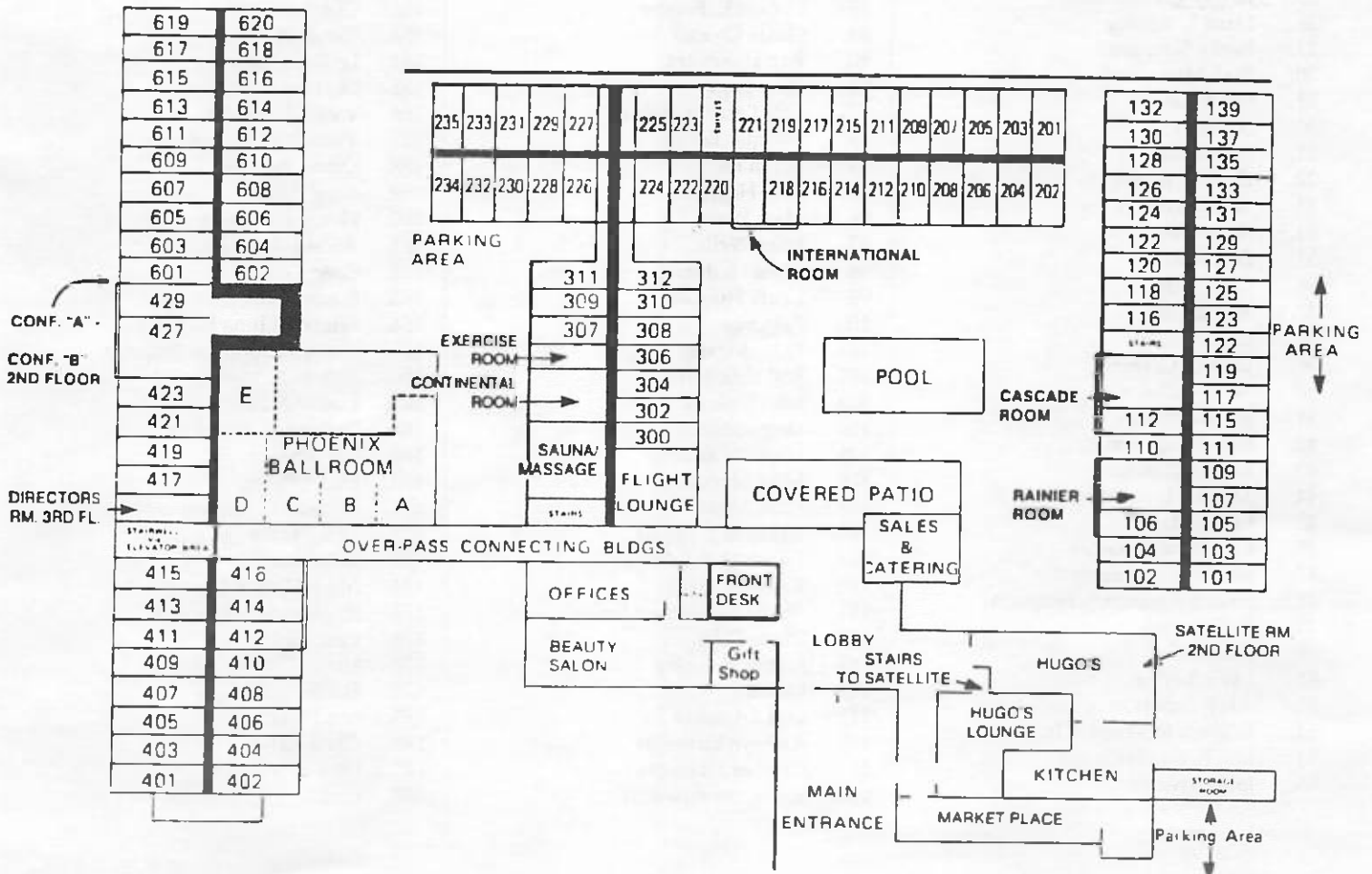
17001 Pacific Hwy South

Fan: Frank Denton

(206) 244-1234

Room Map of the Sea-Tac Hyatt Hotel

See the Pocket Program for locations of programming events



**Prepaid Members, Guests,
ConCom and Staff of
RUSTYCON SIX**

January 20, 21 & 22, 1989

- | | | | | | |
|-----|---------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|----------------------------|
| 1. | Jack L. Chalker | 56. | Steven Barnes | 119. | Diane Palms |
| 2. | Frank Kelly-Freas | 57. | Joel Davis | 120. | Skip Roberts |
| 3. | Richard Wright | 58. | Terry J. Erdmann | 121. | Mark S. rounds |
| 4. | Eva Whitley | 59. | Art Bozlee | 122. | Susan M. Rounds |
| 5. | Laura Brodian Kelly-Freas | 60. | Elizabeth Scarborough | 123. | Janis Worrell |
| 6. | Sheli Shelmerdine | 61. | Bruce Taylor | 124. | Guest of Janis Worrell |
| 7. | Keith Johnson | 62. | Sharon Baker | 125. | Raymond S. Miller |
| 8. | Stephen C. Smith | 63. | Marilyn J. Holt | 126. | Guest of Raymond S. Miller |
| 9. | Teresa L. Primrose | 64. | Sharon Sinclair | 127. | Enas |
| 10. | Leroy F. Berven | 65. | John Hedtke | 128. | Sparrowhawk |
| 11. | Susan J. Berven | 66. | John Barnes | 129. | Little Bear |
| 12. | Penny Rich | 67. | Norman E. Hartman | 130. | Michael L. Citrak |
| 13. | Don's Dungeon | 68. | Jerry Kaufman | 131. | Beth Dockins |
| 14. | Holly Forbis | 69. | Robert Sheckley | 132. | Becky Fallis |
| 15. | Crystal | 70. | George Harper | 133. | James K. Starska |
| 16. | Gryphon | 71. | Betty Bigelow | 134. | Julie Zetterberg |
| 17. | Kitten | 72. | David H. Bigelow | 135. | Susan K. Taubeneck |
| 18. | Michael Scanlon | 73. | Volunteer prize | 136. | David B. Grimes |
| 19. | Ryan K. Johnson | 74. | Dameon Willich | 137. | Angela Pogue |
| 20. | T. Brian Wagner | 75. | Mark Manning | 138. | Jennifer Jumper |
| 21. | Craig Colombel | 76. | Mick Pratt | 139. | Susan K. Green |
| 22. | Stacy Colombel | 77. | Rick Bligh | 140. | Charlot A.M. Barney |
| 23. | Steve Cook | 78. | Marci Malinowycz | 141. | Eric Barney |
| 24. | David Bennett | 79. | Judy Suryan | 142. | Chris York |
| 25. | Jeffrey L. Halbhuber | 80. | Robert Suryan | 143. | J. Steven York |
| 26. | Dana L. Seaney | 81. | Kim McCoy | 144. | Erika Sauby |
| 27. | Becky Simpson | 82. | Ted D. Butler | 145. | Bob Donnell |
| 28. | Beth Moursund | 83. | John Morgon | 147. | David N. Haugen |
| 29. | Scott Boivin | 84. | Sue Majewski | 148. | Robert J. Grieve |
| 30. | Schmarr | 85. | Pete Majewski | 149. | Ordin Mandell |
| 31. | Beki Tanner | 86. | Becky S. Reeder | 150. | Tuleen Donail |
| 32. | David Chalker | 87. | Marlene Helms | 151. | Katherine L. McLean |
| 33. | Susan Bartroff | 88. | Dennis K. Reeder | 152. | Charles Robb |
| 34. | Steve Adams | 89. | Sheila Cooper | 153. | Candace Robb |
| 35. | Donna Barr | 90. | Ron Dunevant | 154. | Le Rene Kuller |
| 36. | Greg Bear | 91. | Gary Page | 155. | Michael B. Keefer |
| 37. | Astrid Bear | 92. | CPT Larry A. Frost | 156. | Vickie L. Keefer |
| 38. | Grant Callin | 93. | Douglas Booze | 157. | Yvonne V. Richardson |
| 39. | John G. Cramer | 94. | Susan Rich | 158. | Olivia A. Jasen |
| 40. | Steve Gallacci | 95. | Juna Haggart | 159. | Greg Hader |
| 41. | Jon Gustafson | 96. | Marc Wells | 160. | Henry Gonzalez |
| 42. | Julia Lacquemont | 97. | Patty Wells | 161. | Ardis Jakubaitis |
| 43. | Megan Lindholm | 98. | Chris Mcdonell | 162. | Greg Cox |
| 44. | Monika Livingston | 99. | Lindy Pangan | 163. | Susan Rich |
| 45. | Julian May | 100. | Pat Oros | 164. | Friend of Juna Haggart |
| 46. | Catherine McGuire | 101. | Rolf Mogster | 165. | Cathy A. Johnson-Delaney |
| 47. | Dr. Robert Quigley | 102. | Rod Gilkison | 166. | Robert A. Woodward |
| 48. | Jessica Amanda Salmonson | 103. | John Strilcov | 167. | Louise Nowlin |
| 49. | Sara Stamey | 104. | Despicable | 168. | Torbjorn J. Nykreim |
| 50. | J.T. Stewart | 105. | Michelle Roberts | 169. | Kal Malone |
| 51. | Lynn Taylor | 106. | Mike Myers | 170. | Dick O'Shea |
| 52. | Amy Thomson | 107. | Hans Meier | 171. | Michael G. Nelson |
| 53. | William R. Warren, Jr. | 108. | Shannon J. Taylor | 172. | Doug Fales |
| 54. | Lita R. Smith-Gharet | 109. | Elizabeth S. Thomas | 173. | Jack Laney |
| 55. | John Alvarez | 110. | Kathryn Smith | 174. | Mary Hafner-Laney |
| | | 111. | Friend of Kathryn Smith | 175. | B. Alexandra Marston |
| | | 112. | Diana Dain | 176. | Pauline Cramer |
| | | 113. | Joanne F. Kirley | 177. | Karen Cramer Doyle |
| | | 114. | Pauza | 178. | Darien Gould |
| | | 115. | Don Edwards | 179. | Sandra Gould |
| | | 116. | Kathryn Edwards | 180. | Chris Raver |
| | | 117. | Camber Edwards | 181. | Elinor J. Fagden |
| | | 118. | Rhiannon Edwards | 182. | Cruel |

- | | | | | | |
|------|---|------|----------------------------|------|----------------------------------|
| 183. | Eileen Kennedy | 247. | B.C. Beil | 310. | Walt Sprowls |
| 184. | Bandit | 248. | Paul Schaper | 311. | Nancy Sprowls |
| 185. | Kelly A. Ewing | 249. | Sense of Wonder | 312. | Julianna Robinson |
| 186. | Annette Mercier | 250. | Susan Hartman | 313. | Chuck Strouss |
| 187. | Fallyn Celebros | 251. | Concept Development | 314. | Brad Allen |
| 188. | Lord George, Guardian of the
Balance | 252. | Ardis Jakubaitis | 315. | Rich Bowen |
| 189. | Ray E. Byrd Jr. | 253. | Jane Larsen | 316. | Mel Wilson |
| 190. | Roy D. Peak | 254. | Conrad Larsen | 317. | Barak |
| 191. | Roger Beeman | 255. | Anita Jung | 318. | Philip Wagner |
| 192. | Jacqueline Beeman | 256. | Patrick O. Patterson | 319. | Claudette Wagner |
| 193. | Stephen Cook | 257. | Shaun Patterson | 320. | Lynette Fricke |
| 194. | Virginia Cook | 258. | Paul D. Connor | 321. | Paul A. Stone |
| 195. | Carole Carr | 259. | Heidi Connor | 322. | Carol Ann Owings |
| 196. | Mike Bentley | 260. | Fingers | 323. | James W. Alves |
| 197. | Michael D. Cowan | 261. | Myrna Ougland | 324. | Scott Tuck |
| 198. | Marni L. Cowan | 262. | Judith Ougland | 325. | Burnsie |
| 199. | Tabrina the Happy Pagan | 263. | Shawn Erikson | 326. | Steve Skoor |
| 200. | Friend of Shari Watanabe | 264. | Vicki J. Lawson | 327. | Frank Grgurich |
| 201. | "Q" | 265. | Jennifer Morton | 328. | Debbie Lynch |
| 202. | Vixen | 266. | Gary Watts | 329. | Sharon Demuth |
| 203. | Feldspar | 267. | Doris O'Connor | 330. | Jean of the Isles |
| 204. | Em'ee | 268. | Craig Reece | 331. | Theo Williams |
| 205. | " " | 269. | Romona Reece | 332. | Gail J. Butler |
| 206. | Susan C. Courney | 270. | Lynne M. Kingsley | 333. | Kira Annellan Kai Drexla, K.D.C. |
| 207. | Mark Christianson | 271. | Erik Gorka | 334. | S'Tanieth, K.D.C. |
| 210. | Vicki Bartel | 272. | Kyle McKay | 335. | S. Azzato, K.D.C. |
| 211. | Bernard L. Strub | 273. | Pat Fuller | 336. | Tie, K.D.C. |
| 212. | Deborah K. Strub | 274. | Forrest Stormgaard | 337. | Nigel, K.D.C. |
| 213. | Sally Berkland | 275. | Odrred Fitzgerald | 338. | Rachel Conger |
| 214. | Christopher Vaughn | 276. | J.P. Lost | 339. | Sarah Conger |
| 215. | Mike Raabe | 277. | Matt Hyra | 340. | Jeremy Conger |
| 216. | Paula Shoudy | 278. | Michael Bates | 341. | Marilyn Conger |
| 217. | Dan Roberts | 279. | Jeff Fletcher | 342. | Randy Gordon |
| 218. | Quint Roget | 280. | Doris Parker | 343. | Lisa Gordon |
| 219. | Susan A. Allen | 281. | Don Glover, the Younger | 344. | Byrna n'ha Margali |
| 220. | Linda Callicotte | 282. | Craig Steed | 345. | Nightowl |
| 221. | Ruth Peterson | 283. | Michael Montoure | 346. | Payne Hirds |
| 222. | Gene Hill | 284. | Karen Rall | 347. | Robyn Badeau |
| 223. | Hope Tester | 285. | Norman J. Fricke | 348. | Liane Sperlich |
| 224. | Donna McMahon | 286. | Michael L. Tincher | 349. | Tom Milliorn |
| 225. | Barb Jensen | 287. | Jack P. Krolak | 350. | David Carson |
| 226. | Orion Unlimited | 288. | Peter C. Kafka D'Anglemont | 351. | Katharine Carson |
| 227. | Friend of JoAnn Gorshkoff | 289. | Audrey A. Yager | 352. | David D. Levine |
| 228. | Patrick R. Tougher | 290. | John O'Conner | 353. | Kate Yule |
| 229. | Rosalie M. Tougher | 291. | Jana Simmons | 354. | Autumn J. Grieve |
| 230. | Kathleen Greco | 292. | George Surplus | 355. | Artemis |
| 231. | Robert Greco | 293. | Lyle Gleason | 356. | Chameleon |
| 232. | Mama's Prose and Steel | 294. | Grant L. Gaston | 357. | Psyche |
| 233. | Escape Books | 295. | Frances Titus | 358. | William A. Wichgers |
| 234. | Escape Books | 296. | Leslie Jordan | 359. | Chris Downey |
| 235. | B.J. | 297. | Bob Lenois | 360. | Bruce L. Anderson |
| 236. | Robin White | 298. | Kyle | 361. | Heather Hobson |
| 237. | Dragon Worx | 299. | S.H. Zoeller | 362. | Sera Hartman |
| 238. | Dragon Worx | 300. | Jade | 363. | Ed McLees |
| 239. | Costumes Period | 301. | Katouschka | 364. | Rosanne McLees |
| 240. | Terra Nova Trading Co. | 302. | Jim Alan | 365. | Tim Walker |
| 241. | Everett Comics and Cards | 303. | Walter Jung | 366. | Keith Morgavi |
| 242. | Everett Comics and Cards | 304. | John L. Tissell | 367. | Jean Christensen |
| 243. | Ginger Lewan | 305. | Craig Stykel | 368. | Guest of Jean Christensen |
| 244. | Sam Butler | 306. | Charity L. Chainus | 369. | Brian Snoddy |
| 245. | Nicole Peterson | 307. | XIP-027 | 370. | Cyn Mason |
| 246. | Linda I. Shipman | 308. | Cyber-Seven | 371. | Dave Meyer |
| | | 309. | Frank Foster | 372. | Carrie Duram |

The Northwest Science Fiction Society proudly presents

NORWESCON 11

March 23-26, 1989

Annual Northwest Regional Science Fiction Convention

Please join us in welcoming

Guest of Honor: Algis Budrys

Art GoH: David Mattingly

Science GoH: Dr. Alan E. Nourse

Fan GoH: Mike Glycer

Toastmaster: Steve Barnes

MEMBERSHIPS

\$26 until March 1, 1989

\$30 at the door

Children 12 & under free w/adult

\$3 off convention rates

for Northwest Science

Fiction Society* members

Membership will be limited
please, no mailed registrations after March 1st

HOTEL

Sheraton Tacoma Hotel

1320 Broadway Plaza

Tacoma, WA 98402

(206) 572-3200

Reservation info on back



featuring: Multi-track Programming on Science Fiction & Fantasy Literature, Art, Science, Media, Gaming, Costuming, & more. Autograph Party, Masquerade, Stardance, Writers' & Artists' Workshops, Author Reading, Book Dealers, Art Show & Auction, Childrens Programs, Films, 2-Channel 24-Hour-A-Day Video, Hospitality & Fan Rooms.

You are cordially invited to the
Norwescon 11 Sneak Preview
Saturday, February 25 2pm Sheraton Tacoma Hotel
Refreshments will be served

